

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

"Years ago," said the Duchess of Sutherland in a recent speech, during the course of which she alluded to the necessity for certain social reforms, "when I came, inexperienced and enthusiastic, amongst you who called me 'Meddlesome Milly.' As far as a miserable duchess could be an agitator, I strove to be one. 'Meddlesome' certainly people may have thought the duchess at times, but undoubtedly the world would be much better for a few more 'Meddlesome Millys' who would utilize their rank and position in the manner her Grace has done for the benefit of suffering humanity."

The Duchess of Sutherland is a woman who works while others indolence in talk and personalities. She is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable female celebrities of the day, not even excepting her half-sister, the Countess of Warwick. Her versatile, her high ideals, the enthusiastic and whole-hearted manner in which she throws herself into any scheme with which her name is associated, and her frank speech, stamp her as a unique woman. Like the Countess of Warwick the duchess has Socialist tendencies. She has confessed that she formed Socialism only because she was instrumental in getting the Government to go into the question of lead poisoning in the potteries. At the present time she is president of the Pottery Cripple Guild and the Scottish Home Industries Association. The Pottery Cripple Guild provides a striking illustration of philanthropy in a really practical form. Nearly 100 boys and girls, physically handicapped, are being taught to make themselves independent and self-supporting. They learn beautiful metalwork, printing and book-binding, basket-work, artificial flower making, etc. The majority of the children are in desperately poor homes and need nourishment, food, clothes, and surgical appliances, change of scene and air, and some light work, and most of these as well as the advantages of convalescent homes they get by joining the guild. "I have been told," said the duchess, "that my heart is wraped up in homespun tweed, my brain stained with carpets and crumples, and that I am becoming an impossible member of society. To which one can only reply that society might be the better for a few more such 'impossibles.'"

All this is very interesting, particularly in view of the fact that "Meddlesome Milly," otherwise the Duchess of Sutherland is at present, with her husband, staying at their farm not far from Edmonton. It is of particular interest to me personally, because it keeps me in such goodly company. I don't mind being gentle, but I do hate being lonely. And a Duchess!

Recently our one and only Richard Bedford B. told me himself that she is the last of the most fascinating women he had ever met.

Most people class as "meddlesome" all those who concern themselves with affairs that may interfere with their particular plans.

That is why this paper is going to have such a hard row to hoe.

I am interested in other people's business—when that business happens to include the welfare of that unwieldy mass, called the Great Public, and of which, incidentally, I form a part.

I won't earn my money for being "meddlesome," but I may moral the respect of a few thinking people.

I wish there were more of you, though, I do really. I haven't any interest in a soap or candy factory, and we don't manufacture much on the premises.

And you do so love taffy—my dear G. P., and soft soap is so agreeable, especially when taken through the medium of a newspaper. A good story is told of the late Eugene Ware, lawyer and verse-maker.

When he resigned the office of commissioner of pensions, his friends gave him a dinner at his home in Kansas City. There were quite a number of friends from Kansas and Missourians from the Missouri city of the same name. Much good-natured chaffing took place.

"You Kansans," said a Missourian, "always have your brass bands going and your flags flying. We in Missouri get tired of your cocksureness. Tell me, what have you done to keep them here, for instance; does she 'sit' or does she 'set'?"

"We don't bother about things like that," retorted Ware. "What concerns us is, when she cackles has she laid or has she laid."

The difference between you and Ware is that when you hear a noise like a boost in a newspaper, you don't bother yourselves very much with the difference between whether its lying, or just laying—for some of your patronage.

You swallow it whole, shell, skin, and contents. A meal like that, is it good to you?

What you want is a fresh-laid egg, that doesn't come out of a perjured case.

You don't have to label a self-respecting "fit for boiling water" as a liberal or Conservative brush.

If you get it out of either case, you know it's doctored some way.

Don't go to the middleman for it. Try patronizing the farmer himself.

I am the farmer in this particular case, and I won't switch you over to any middleman, if you want to question any article you get in this paper.

I stand back of my opinions expressed from cover to cover. Such as they are, they are my own.

They may be wrong-headed, but they are right-hearted.

Which do you like better the doubtful kind, or our variety? Truly honest?

You know the editor of a sheet like this has to take on all comers, whereas in the big papers, they turn you over to a Sporting Editor, a Musical Critic, or some usually non-existent being. At any rate you'll find, if you want an explanation as to why you were described as having "a voice like a for-horn," that they're so sorry, but "our Musical and Dramatic" reporter just stepped out a moment since.

I remember once in Woodstock, a big burly fellow, a player on the local hockey team, coming into the office, and demanding of the Sporting Man—Musical Editor—Editorial Writer—and joke-artist, where that—fellow was, who reported the last match. The man of many offices had also a ready wit.

"I think," said he, "our Sporting Man just went down street."

Probably his little evasion saved him a bad mauling from the rate warden who he was—as many a time I make no doubt, similar diplomatic moves have saved my local contemporaries' scalps. They can answer that better than I.

At any rate I have no actual or ghostly staff to blame things on.

Here I am, and with me you can make your reckoning.

If I am "meddlesome," you can pretty well believe that I'm going to make jolly well sure of my facts. I'm like the Uncle Henry who was visiting his city neighbor, Robert. Uncle Henry had noticed that every morning a man on the opposite side of

the street had stood in front of the window, and shaved himself. He got to wondering who he could be, and finally asked, "Who is the fellow, he's done it now for three days running?"

"And he's probably done it for the last ten years, for all I know, uncle," replied Robert, in a tone that lacked interest.

"Has he lived there all that time?"

"Yes; and longer than that, I suppose. He was there when I came here ten years ago."

"Who is he?"

"I don't know."

"What does he do?"

"I haven't the slightest idea, uncle."

Whereupon Uncle Henry put on his hat and went out. In about fifteen minutes he was back in the house again.

"Robert," he said, "that chap's name is Findlater. He runs a insurance office on Benton Street. He's worth probably twenty-six thousand dollars, owns that house, belongs to the Methodist church, has three boys, one girl, is a widower, fifty-one years old, a member of the Masonic order, has a farm on Long Island, and is engaged to his stenographer. I believe living in the city has made you stupid about getting information."

Living in the city seems to have made more than Robert stupid, when it comes to gaining small details that may seem of no practical value or business to a newspaper, but you never can tell, you know, and what's nobody's business is everybody's curiosity.

And furthermore as knowledge is power. I'd sooner be a "Meddlesome Milly," after the style of the Duchess, than a sleepy old fossil who never did anything but cut my paper to a Bixton's dictated pattern.

There's a heap of satisfaction in "cocking your beaver just the way you choose."

Why don't more of you try it?

With all the talk of problems going on in the papers, and all the lectures we are obliged to sit under, I notice little attention being given to what seems to me to be the biggest problem of them all. I refer to the lack of adequate help obtainable not only for domestic service, but in practically every branch of business you can mention in town.

Edmonton is flooded with inadequates. Filled with running over, with stenographers who can't take down a one page letter without a dozen mistakes; with book-keepers who can't book-keep; clerks who are too indifferent to wait on you; street car conductors too big for their jobs; civil servants whose only qualification for holding their positions is political pull, not to speak of the army of a hundred and one other professions and trades, whose only interest in their work is Six O'Clock and Pay-Day.

Hardly an office or employer in town but has the same complaint to make.

All business is hampered by it. I telephone a large concern in which I know eight or ten men are employed, and no one replies. I get the Trouble Man down at Central, and find that the telephone is working, but that no one is taking the trouble to answer. I go into a shop, and though there are two or three idle clerks gossipping, I can't get waited on.

Iz is too much engaged carrying on a flirtation, or gossiping, to care whether her employer loses my patronage or not.

I engage a man to do some work for me, and he sends me one of his men to do the job.

Half does he leaves it. What does he care? And I, who am too busy to keep on chasing to get it finished, employ another firm. We talk about the cost of living. Why? Because we are paying more, and getting less, for our money than we ever did.

Because your clerks don't end to feel the bills, they don't care what needless expense accounts they run up.

The electric lights are left burning. Stock is allowed to lay exposed to dust and the hot rays of the sun.

Meat is left out to spoil.

They drop their cigarette ashes on your office rugs, why there is no end to the waste and carelessness that eats up your profits and mine, and makes living one year, a wild struggle.



THE DUKE AND THE LATE ANDREW MCNICHO

The above, which was taken at the review of the veterans held on the last day of the Duke of Connaught's visit to Edmonton, at the first of the present month, will have unusual interest to the many friends of Mr. McNicho, who learned with deep regret of his sudden death this week. He was one of the ablest of our old-time citizens, and came to this country long in advance of the rush of settlement, being one of the first members of the Mounted Police force, in which body he performed long and meritorious service.

A good employee who has your interests at heart is worth his weight in gold.

You can't pay him enough, because he gives you the which many of the experts in their lines never do, service of heart and head as well as body.

One or two such men are worth a whole staff.

If there is work to do, they don't measure out the hours for doing it. They get it done.

In my own business, I may say that I am well nigh desperate.

I used to have a theory that if you turned out a good article, people bought it.

You didn't have to chase them to do it either.

This is not the case.

They forget that help is difficult to obtain. And instead of sending you in their trade, their subscription, or whatever it is, they require still to be called on.

Do you know that house-to-house canvassing is of little or no use?

In the average settlement, the man or woman you go to call on, is seldom, or never, available.

You see the maid.

The mistress employs her for much that same thing, a buffer between her and the army of nuisances, who knock at her door.

I believe the day is coming when there will be no more agents. They take up too much time.

Any goods worth selling, can best be placed before the people by means of live newspaper advertising.

The Mirror is a live medium. Try it.

You know I've very decided views on advertising, by the way.

I think you go a century behind the times the way you go about it. Black East I knew a man who never changed his ad from one year's end to the other.

He used to advertise holly and mistletoe in June and July—Not only that though but often blamed the paper for no results.

Now I like reading advertisements. Store news. And that man made me mad.

One day I took the trouble to call. It was a hot morning in late July.

"Kindly," said I, in my most nonchalant manner, "do me up 50c worth of holly and mistletoe."

The Sphinx would have envied me my far-away look, but the man behind the counter, looked out of the window as if he would like to call in the police.

"Are you crazy, Peg?" said the proprietor of the store—an old friend.

"No, Mr. H—," said I, "but you are. I saw you ad in the paper last night and it seemed to me I'd like the novelty of having holly and mistletoe, just to sort of cool off the air, you know. Feels Christy, and snowy, don't you think?"

"If I had been a man, I think he would have said 'drinks on me,' as it was, though I had never had any connection with the advertising end of my husband's paper, I did tell him what I thought of a man who wasted his money on such 'dead' advertising."

That man had flower-seeds for sale. He had grain—

I wanted both. But he didn't tell me any such seasonable news as that in his 40 cent an inch space. Holly!—Some of you are just as bad.

Now I see that Mr. Bowker, late manager of the Dominion Bank in Edmonton but four or five months since made manager in London, Ont., is still advertised as the head of the local office.

What on earth is the sense of that?

Paying for space to give five months old news. On you little Kip. Vanickle advertisers.

You wouldn't do things like that in my paper. Read my store news and you'll get news—that is if you'll let me write your ads.

Look at McLaughlin's attractive advertisement for their Ginger Ale.

If that out of a sparkling bottle doesn't make you feel their goods, I don't know what could.

I never get into and productivity for perking into their tempting products. But "Tooth-brushes, tooth-powders, patent medicines"

Can you not see that I'm supposed to get excited over an ad like that?

Interested enough to put on my hat and go down and look that store up.

What I want to know is, what have you got, at what price, different than the other fellow.

Is it to my advantage to deal with you? Why?

Why don't you tell me that I'll get prompt and polite service?

That you have some special household helps or some extra tempting biscuits.

Some News.

In addition to being a newspaper proprietor, I am a housekeeper.

I am the mother for my family.

When I talk advertising I know that I have two good talking points.

It's my bread-and-butter in more senses than one.

Fussers and agitators rarely have any good of themselves.

Alfred neither, but as two or three weeks ago I had occasion to criticize Alderman Gustave May, for being over-officious and indiscreet in a certain matter, this time I have the pleasure of adding that that same invidious and proclivity for peering into things, has probably been of very valuable service to this city. Mr. May being the man who called attention to the fact that the city's charter to build radial lines expired very shortly.

A man of Mr. May's disposition can be an extremely valuable member of the Aldermanic board.

Aldermen, as a general rule, run a hard, heavy variety of man.

They move warily—if they move at all. They are either too busy looking out for Mr. Alderman's pocket, or too sleepy to be abreast of the city's problems, and business.

Mr. May is impulsive—a fault of youth, and inexperience. But he's alive all the time.

And we need live wires in this city. On our Council Boards, and in every department of the city's activities.

I was glad to see, too, that owing to his efforts some proper provision seems likely to be made for the care of the imbecile women of Edmonton.

We could do a great deal worse when we come to consider aldermanic candidates, than retain Mr. May as one of our representatives.

Before we talk "gas" and by-laws, involving the expenditure of \$770,000, this city needs to face the prospect of a milk famine in the very near future.

The milk supply of a city is one of the most serious problems any community has to face.

To keep it pure. To keep it up to the standard. The biggest asset this, or any other city has, is the crop of healthy young citizens, growing up.

Growing children, and infants, require quantities of good rich milk.

To the last named it means life itself. Well I guess we can let the gas wait, particularly as any day the natural variety seems in imminent danger of being struck, while we turn to face the nearer duty. To provide an adequate milk supply for the city's needs.

The shortage in milk is said to be partially due to the demands made by the Laurentia factory in Red Deer, to keep up their supply. Shortly Mr. Laren's are establishing a branch of the same concern in Edmonton, and indeed in several other parts of the Province.

This will mean an increased demand for the commodity.

While there is yet time to make provision for the situation, let us each do our share, some of our City Fathers, might confer honor on themselves and earn the gratitude of the community by giving the matter their earnest attention.

Mrs. Creighton, wife of the late Bishop of London,

"IMPOSSIBLE TO HELP MY KIDNEYS"

Until I Used "Fruit-a-Live"
World's Greatest Kidney Cure

Practically everybody in Toronto knows Professor F. D. Davis, 304 Dundas Street, E. Toronto, who has been in the city for many years, the city of that city has been known for his kidneys, which he has been treating for many years. His constant activity gradually weakened his kidneys, which gradually threatened to make him an invalid. But read Prof. Davis' letter—

304 Dundas St., Toronto, Ont.,
"I want to say that 'Fruit-a-Live' is my only medicine, and has been for the past five years. Previous to that, I had been troubled with rheumatism and kidney disease, and had taken many remedies without satisfactory results. Noticing the advertisement of 'Fruit-a-Live', I adopted this treatment altogether, and as a result, I am now well and have been taking 'Fruit-a-Live'—enjoying the best of health." If rheumatism or kidney trouble is making you miserable, take 'Fruit-a-Live' and get well.

Box 6, for \$2.50, trial size, 50¢. All dealers or send on receipt of price by Fruit-a-Live Limited, Ottawa.

SANOL

A German Specialist's Discovery will positively Cure

KIDNEY TROUBLE
Bladder Stone, Gall Stones, Kidney Stones, Gravel and all Ailments of the Acid Origin

Sanol Expels Uric Acid NEVER FAILS TO CURE
(Hundreds of cured patients can prove our statement)

This German Remedy is prepared from herbs and herb extracts, contains no poisonous ingredients whatsoever. Sufferers will receive pamphlet free on request.

SANOL. Price \$1.50 per bottle in liquid form, Druggists, or direct from the

SANOL MFG. CO.,
Winnipeg, Man. and Chicago, U.S.A.

Excels for making



PURITY FLOUR

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Estate of John Ah Quai, late of the City of Edmonton, in the Province of Alberta, Merchant, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that all persons having claims upon the estate of the late John Ah Quai, who died on the 24th day of June, A.D. 1912, are required to send to National Trust Company, Limited, Edmonton, Administrator of the estate of the said deceased, or to Messrs. Wallbridge, Henwood & Gibson, Barristers, Edmonton, Solicitors for the said Administrator, on or before the 15th day of October, 1912, a full statement of their claims and of any securities held by them, duly verified, and that after that date the administrator will proceed to distribute the assets of the deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which notice has been filed with it or its Solicitors.

Dated at Edmonton, this 14th day of September A.D. 1912.
WALLBRIDGE, HENWOOD & GIBSON,
Solicitors for the Administrator.

ADVERTISE IN THE MIRROR

in the course of an admirable address before the Edmonton Women's Canadian Club on Monday, made reference to a tendency she has noticed, on the part of the citizens of Edmonton, to make "such" boasts as the Gentile's use "in bragging of their own town."

I think that's rather a compliment. Better, far better, to be known as a city of "boasters" rather than a collection of "knockers."

"The English," Mrs. Creighton tells us, "do not seem to boast. They know their own superiority. It is self-evident."

Maybe. But we are young and keen. We are still growing. We are as yet wrapped up in our own splendid future.

England has had her day of boastfulness, of mighty progress.

You tell me that she has never had her come off to the wars, on trading expeditions, shouting of what they would accomplish, of the worlds they intended to conquer. Their's is the Autumn of fulfilment. Our's the spring of little beginnings, the delight of learning our powers, of the richness of our heritage, of crying "so much we have done, what may we not accomplish."

Mrs. Creighton has brought an English point of view to our Canadian conditions. Maybe she doesn't quite understand us. Youth is always open to misinterpretation. We are in much the same position when it comes to understanding the problems that confront old England.

They are not our problems, neither are their methods.

We do not yet stone our Prime Minister, nor hurl hatchets at his Cabinet. Premier Sifton goes on his quiet, uneventful way.

His ministers are most of them unknown quantities to the vast majority of us. But that some of them wouldn't like occasionally to prod some of them up, and effect some very necessary changes, but we believe that the days of violence are past, and that Reason and Intellect are the agencies that bring about the best results.

I remember about ten years ago, during a performance of an opera entitled "Leo, the Royal Cade," singing a song with local hints, entitled "Some Day."

One verse of it ran thus:

"Some day judges will be electors,
Lawyers, Judges, and M.P.s,
Mayors, Clerks, Police Inspectors,
Bobbies. Everything you please.

From the pulpit hear them thunder
At the Men below. Yes, Yes,
You say in saying so. Besides,
Well they will. Some day. Some day."

The "Girls" have come into their own since then, haven't they?

Why at that time, the song was considered a fine piece of humor.

And here we have Miss Annie Jackson appointed just this week, the first woman policeman of Edmonton.

A good move too, according to the Chief and Mr. Chadwick.

Her main office will be to look after wayward girls and the women arrested on various charges.

She should bring to her work a woman's understanding and intuition that should prove exceedingly valuable in the handling of those tedious cases, that involve perhaps the whole future of the young girls concerned.

Why isn't there some provision made at the South Side and Edmonton railway depots, for the handling of passengers' grips, alighting from the trains?

Edmonton it is bad enough. Nary a boy to lend a woman a hand for love or money. But when it comes to the Strathcona side of the river, the lack amounts to a very real grievance.

Women coming unexpectedly into town, and with no one to meet them, have to drag great, heavy suitcases down the entire platform to the car.

Often they have little children to look after as well.

Sometimes it is inconvenient to leave their baggage until the transfer people can bring it over and deliver it.

Surely there are boys who would be glad to turn an old dime or quarter by lending a hand.

The C.P.R. and C.N.R. and G.T.P. should have their own staff of lads in uniform.

When will they recognize that this is the 20th century, and that the public not only ask for, but demand, such services?

Why do women wish to "tag," anyway? The question is asked in all seriousness and after mature consideration and discussion of the subject, awakened by the sight of the feminine hordes who invade men's college commencements and valiantly "tag" there is no other word to express it—their husbands through very strenuous moment of the day.

Unless there is a reason for it, there is no right excuse for such relentless descent and pursuit. A man who goes back to his reunion longs to live in memories, to be a boy again with the class of "empty" camp, to lose, for the time being, the sense of pressure of the world outside—illusions hard to hold with a wife and possibly several grown-up children, tagging behind. What man ever went to haunt his wife's existence into misery at her college reunion? Wild horses could not drag him there.

Who invented "Ladies' Nights" at men's clubs, and "Gentlemen's Evenings" at ladies' associations? Woman, bless her! It was forced on man.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson was right when he declared that there is nothing in the world so much like a man as a woman. Women's rightful pleasures and amusements can come to them as freely and securely as any man's, but so long as women believe, and by the very fierceness of their faith convince men, that masculine privileges are the only ones worth having, just so long will the balance of power lean too heavily to one side.

It is, relatively speaking, only in recent years that high scientific training has had a direct and necessary bearing upon every kind of industrial success. The old days of rule-of-thumb are gone.—Mr. Balfour.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC

Mr. Charles H. Wheeler in Winnipeg Town Topics sketches the sketch of a well-known Winnipeg musician, who acted as judge at the musical festival in Edmonton on several occasions.

Mr. Rhys Thomas at his first local appearance as a conductor of oratorio created a very favorable impression. As he has made Winnipeg his permanent home since that event, a few remarks, put as tersely as possible, may interest many readers of these reminiscences.

He was born at Ystradgynlais, Wales, on February 21, 1867, and was early marked out for a musician, and through consequent studies under noted professors, and two years passed at the University of Wales, enabled him to gain the Fellowship of the Tonic Sol Fa College at the age of 22, passing as severe an examination in composition and theory as the usual university degree of either Oxford or Cambridge.

In the summer of 1900 Mr. Thomas and his wife came on a visit to Winnipeg to the latter's parents. He had no previous intention of settling in the city, but when an offer was made him by the session of Knox Presbyterian church to reorganize the choir he decided to accept the position of choirmaster, and, with brief intervals of professional absence, has been connected with the church down to the present time.

During the first six years of his residence in Winnipeg Mr. Thomas has conducted "The Messiah," (six times), "The Creation," "Judith," "Mabius," "Samson," "Hymn of Praise," "Elijah," and numerous smaller works, and has officiated as adjudicator at several important musical competitive festivals in the Canadian Northwest.

The Montreal Herald says that picture shows might be used for educational purposes, but are not. "Current events in foreign countries" play scarcely a part in most shows. On the other hand, much sentiment is rampant. Apart from the effect which these shows by injuring the better class theatres are having on the art of drama, they must eventually hurt the mentality of the people. A nation brought up on the pretentious class of moving picture shows would be a vulgar and immoral aggregation of disreputable nincompoops.

This is straight talk, and there is a good deal of truth in it. The Montreal shows may not be identical with the Toronto shows, and it is of the Toronto shows we speak. There have been some good shows here, such as sketches of Shakespearean plays, Dickens' novels, the wanderings of Ulysses, the Fall of Troy, and the Passion Play.

A goodly number, however, though not immoral, verge upon vulgarity, and are somewhat cheap in sentiment. The evil is not to be cured by more censoring. The censor can put out immorality and violence and crime, or see to it that the criminal records or comes to a bad end, and that vice is not made attractive. But there are more delicate shades of a censor cannot be expected to control.

For instance, a mother and a father who had been left at home to mind the baby. He did not like the job, and when the baby interfered with the reading of his newspaper, he handled it roughly; and the infant's distress was so acute that one could not help thinking that the model must have suffered. Anyway, it was rather a brutal exhibition, and the fact that the father was caught and cuffed by the mother, hardly rendered the unpleasant impression. Now that same subject could have been handled more delicately, and with more true humor, if the baby had been depicted as the tyrant—as it usually is—the father as the victim—his hair pulled, his shirt mussed, and his watch broken. Any good story writer, or playwright would adopt that method. The humor would not have been coarse, and the general influence of the show would have been gentle and refining.

But you cannot expect censors to effect that reform. You must get at the people who are making the films. You must call in the aid of the writers of the better class of stories and plays, of teachers, of persons who are capable of making suggestions for the illustration of travel, history, and the classics.

It is not necessary to make the shows so outrageously instructive as to drive the people away. People need amusement, especially those who are wearied by monotonous work. But the fun can be made wholesome and good-natured.

The main point is that more censoring and prohibition is not enough. You must apply thought and sound sentiment and culture in a constructive way. You must have competent people thinking out new subjects. It ought to be done. It is a great pity to see so little use made of a magnificent invention.

—Toronto Star.

Among the famous singers of the world Madame Tetrazzini's star is in the ascendant. Five years ago she was singing at the Trivola Gardens in San Francisco she was receiving a weekly salary of \$150, but as her fame increased the management increased her compensation to \$300 a night. Herr Contini, the proprietor of the Metropolitan Opera house in New York, telegraphed Madame Tetrazzini asking her terms for five years' contract, and she replied that she would sing for \$500 a night, but Contini declined the terms. Afterwards she went to London and sang at Covent Garden, receiving \$1,000 a night. Her success was so pronounced, Oscar Hammerstein made a contract with her to sing in his new opera houses in New York and Philadelphia for a nightly salary of \$1,500, and recently she has signed a contract with the Metropolitan directors under which she is to receive \$1,000 a night for the coming season. In addition she has contracted with a phonograph company for the exclusive right to her vocal records, which secures for her a bonus of \$2,500 and royalties in addition that will amount to about \$10,000 a year. Thus it will be seen that Tetrazzini's vocal notes are commercially equivalent to high C bank notes.

The Orpheum attractions, which were brought to the Empire for the first time on Sept. 3, and are set down for the first three days in each week, have been drawing immense houses, and have served as fresh evidence of the truth of the oft-repeated statement.

Continued on Page 7

McLaughlin's "Canada Dry"



PALE GINGER ALE

With Your Meals—Appetizing and Refreshing

ALL GROCERS AND LIQUOR STORES

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References:
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THE CONNELLY-MCKINLEY CO., LTD.

Funeral Directors and Embalmers
Private Chapel and Ambulance

136 RICE STREET Phone 1525

Advertise in the Mirror

I HEARD RATHER A GOOD ONE ..

She was nouveau riche and had a cottage for the summer at the seashore. Her one problem was how to secure as her house guest the "recognized leader of society" in her home town.

The invitation was being verbally extended, and, as a last inducement, Mrs. Mataprop ended: "And as you sit on the front porch it's so charming to watch the little white-sailed boats fit pro and con."

"This is Mrs. Mixin," said she; "I want to know if your cows are contented?"

"What-a?" asked the amazed dairy clerk. She repeated the question.

"I see that your rivals advertise that their cows are all contented," said she, "I shall begin to take their milk unless I am assured that your cows are all happy."

The clerk begged her to hold the 'phone a moment. Then he went away and gnawed a corner off his desk. When he got his voice under control to the phone:

"I've just been looking up the books, mum," said he, "and I am happy to say that we have not received a complaint from a single cow!"

"Father," said the small boy, "what is a demagogue?" "A demagogue, my son, is a man who can rock the boat himself and persuade everybody that there's a terrible storm at sea."

"What was your little boy crying about last evening?" "Over his lesson in natural history." "A child that age studying natural history?" "You astonish me." "It's so just the same. He was learning the difference between a wasp and a fly."

An English actor was a member of a company stationed in the Sierras while en route from California to the East. Before their train was pulled out of the drab city it had been reduced to eating the carcasses of the railroad laborers, and got little enough even of that. So that they all had a magnificent luncheon when the train reached a small station at which there was a restaurant, and the Englishman was the first to find a seat at the table.

"Bring me in a hurry," he said to the landlady, a hefty Western man, "a porthouse steak, some devilled kidneys, a brace of chops, plenty of vegetables, and two bottles of Bass' bitter beer."

The landlady stuck his head out of the dining room door, and yelled to somebody in the rear apartment:

"Say, Bill, tell the land to play 'Rule Britannia,' The Prince of Wales has come."

"A gentleman came down to breakfast one morning with bloodshot eyes. He drank eight glasses of ice water hurriedly, then he muttered hoarsely to the pretty parlor maid:

"Tell me, Adele, did I reach home last night very much under the weather?" "Indeed, you did, sir," the maid replied. Why, sir, you kissed the missis!"

A BALLAD OF WIND

He busted broncos when a lad,
And over plains he tore;
The envy of the cowboys was
Our husky Theodor!

He conquered Cuban battlefields
And revelled in the gore;
His name is writ in capitals,
Heroic Theodor!

He penetrated Africa
Where hungry lions roar,
And killed a million kinds of game,
Intrepid Theodor!

He served two terms for President
And hollers for one more;
Chicago hasn't got a thing
On windy Theodor!

—Edward A. Ryan, in the Sun, New York.

Old Timer—Is your married life one grand, sweet song?

Newlywed—Well, since our baby's been born it's been like an opera, full of grand marches, with loud calls for the author every night.

"Gracious! That noise across the street sounded like a pistol shot."

"Don't be alarmed. That was Mr. Gribber slamming the door of his residence as he left for town."

"Does he always slam the door so hard?"

"Not every morning. There are some mornings, when he and Mrs. Gribber don't meet at the breakfast table."

With a sigh she laid down the magazine article on Daniel O'Connell. "The day of great men," he said, "is gone for ever." "But the day of beautiful women is not," he responded. She smiled and blushed. "I was only joking," she explained hurriedly.

A young gentleman was spending the week-end at little Willie's cottage, and on Sunday evening after dinner, there being a scarcity of chairs on the crowded piazza, the young gentleman took Willie on his lap.

Then, during a pause in the conversation, little Willie looked up at the young gentleman and piped: "Am I as heavy as sister Mabel?"

A well-known lawyer, whom we may call John Jackson, recently engaged a new office-boy. Said Mr. Jackson to the boy the other morning: "Who took away my wastepaper basket?" "It was Mr. Reilly," said the boy. "Who is Mr. Reilly?" asked Mr. Jackson. "The porter, sir." An hour later, Mr. Jackson asked: "Jimmy, who opened the window?" "Mr. Peters, sir." "And who is Mr. Peters?" "The window cleaner, sir." "Look here, James," he said, "call men by their first names here. We don't 'mister' them in this office. Do you understand?" "Yes, sir." In ten minutes the door opened and a small, shrill voice said: "There's a man here as wants to see you, John."

Rheth—Jack Huggard told me a long story last night.
Kitty—Is he an interesting story teller?
Rheth—I should say so; he held his audience from start to finish.

A man will sing all night about wanting a girl just like the girl that married dear old dad, and will go out and marry a chicken whose knowledge of housework is confined to washing out a handkerchief and pasting it on a window-pane to dry out smoothly.

EYES!

Eyes of blue, of brown, of blue,
Oh, I've suffered long for you!
Eyes of blue, of brown, of black,
Eyes—with hooks around the back!

"Could you tell us how far it is to the post office?" we asked of the man standing on the railway platform.

"I have no idea," he replied.
"Well, in what direction is it?"

"I have not formed an opinion."
"Can we walk there or should we take a car?"

"I could not say."
"There is a post office here, is there not?"

"I would not decide that with my present information."

"But every town has a post office, hasn't it?"

"I have not talked with anybody on the subject."

"Is there anyone around here who can tell us?"

"I have not read any of the newspapers."

"But man, you surely know whether or not there is a post office?"

"I could not give a decisive answer to that."

"But don't you live here?"

"I have never given the matter any thought."

"Where do you live?"

"I have no mental bias in the matter."

"Great guns, man! You know you're alive, don't you?"

"I should be guided entirely by the evidence."

Here a listener plucked our sleeve, smilingly. He took us to one side, and said:

"You won't get anything out of him if you quiz him all day. That's Pete Hobawort, who's been on so many jury panels it has affected him."—Chicago Post.

OLD FASHIONED PEOPLE COMING BACK

Old fashioned people who have long felt outraged by the content of supercilious youth for their idols will be delighted to hear that a new generation has appeared on the scene, and that now things are to be set right. For a good many years clever people who are still thinking of themselves as young and modern have been sneering, often quite unthinkingly, at everything Victorian, and specially "early Victorian." But all that is to change: "campa fig uring" is no longer a sign of a new generation knocking at the door. It is a happy privilege of youth to be clever, and uncommonly clever even for a writer who describes himself as under 18, is the essay. "The blind spot," which appears in the current National Review. In the title of this paper the happy young egotist, felicitously figures the notorious inappreciation of each generation for the one that went before—our grandfathers' fashions we

may condescend to approve of, those of our fathers never. This weakness "Egotistical Eighteen," whose real name is likely in the course of time to be familiar to readers, likens to the blind spot in cricket, three feet from the batsman's back and a foot down the pitch, in which he cannot see the ball. The moral is obvious. The newest generation may have its own blind spots in literature and art, but they will not be the blind spots of the criticism which has been current these twenty years.

General speaking, what young people of 18 think of books or art does not matter; whatever their ideas may be they will learn better when they grow up. But there are always a few precocious youngsters whose juvenile ideas matter a good deal, for they are prophetic of the next turn of the whirling of taste. Is this dashing contributor one of them? "That remains to be seen in the event; at any rate, he gives a sufficiently startling picture of what is in store for England. No more aesthetic shoulders at side whiskers or tuxedo art; no more sneers at Dryden or Pope or even at Mrs. Hemans; the arrogant critics of to-day are to be overruled; for their love of Norman we substitute the rococo taste; for their Tudor we exchange the baroque and for their insatiable mediævalism we put forward the eighteenth century, the regency, and above all Carpenter's Gothic."

That is franc enough and sweeping enough. On the other hand the newest generation has "its own blind spot." Matthew Arnold lies within "those fatal, invisible limits"; so does the later Tennyson. The light no longer shines on the paintings of Watts. A very little do "see" read Christina Rossetti; an overdose of Sumner is like too much chocolate cake. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, "howling slow, simony, dogmatic, though trying, is not so lovable. Morris has his merits when not designing wallpapers. Beardsley has been shelved; "we" cannot read much Carlyle. Meredith, though exhausting, is read to some slight extent. But most shocking of all to the old or clever people who were trained to sniff at Macaulay, is the statement that "he already streaks the distant horizon with the flow of his crimson luminance."

To Stevenson Macaulay was a performer on the bass drum; perhaps, then, he is a torchlight procession. He modelled the style of the young men of half a century ago, and his crisp dogmatism mimics the brilliant ephigram still crackles in leading articles. If the clever youngsters of to-day are found enjoying themselves at Macaulay, their orbit can be calculated; there is no danger that these new meters will be lost in space. Twenty years ago "egotistical 18" was following all manner of new fangled foreign cuts and sneering at British taste. It was pessimistic, aesthetic, decadent, naturalistic, symbolic, addicted to Wagner, Ibsen and Plautus, and distributed by the English authors, after Fielding down to Walter Pater and George Moore. If the latest generation is really taking its start from Pope, Mrs. Hemans and Tom Moore, time's revenge is complete. It may of course be that "Egotistical Eighteen" is only teasing his elders by applying the shock tactics which they in their day used so roisly upon their Victorian predecessors. Yet it is corroborative evidence, so far as it goes, that London dandies are said to be returning this season to the long-absorbed Victorian side-whisker—what could be a greater revolution than that?—

Stonington Republican.

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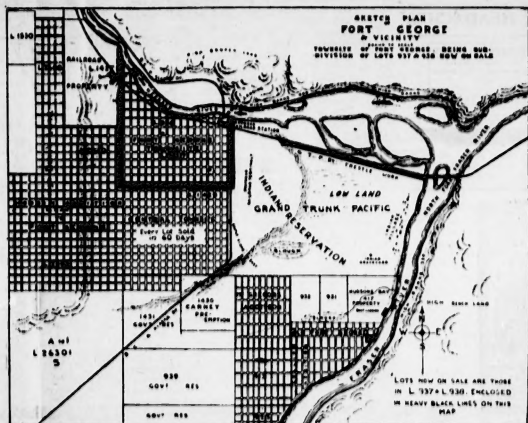
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IN THE INVESTOR'S FIELD

Alberta Canadian Oil and American-Canadian which were being speculated in to quite an extent at the coast a little while ago, are now down respectively to three and eight cents. The general opinion seems to be that the oil discoveries in Alberta will be along the northern rivers, though the Morville companies may have some surprises in store yet.

The Grand Trunk evidently intends to make a town worth while out of its site at Fort George, two eminent landscape gardeners from Boston having arrived there recently to lay it out.

Mr. W. M. Davidson of the Calgary, Alberta tells of his surprise on reaching Cairo during his recent trip to find a large-sized boom in land in full swing there.

A party of Illinois investors made large land purchases in Central Alberta last week. The largest slice was 6,800 acres near Lavoie which they propose to put in for crop next season. This is the kind of investor that we want. The man who simply buys land and lets it lie till he can get the price that he wants is of somewhat doubtful utility.

How well it pays to reserve land for public purposes in the early stages of a places growth is illustrated very frequently. There is quite an agitation in Toronto now over the threatened sale by the provincial government of the Normal School property. It was bought sixty years ago for \$18,000 and is now worth a million dollars. Having had it as a breathing spot all these years, even though it did not belong to the city, the people are determined that it will not be converted to private uses. The fact that they always adopt this attitude under such circumstances is one of the best arguments in favor of a progressive park policy. A park that the people will not have sold out under any circumstances must supply a very real need.

Red Deed does well to speak highly of Mr. W. P. Hull, the Toronto capitalist, who has succeeded in bringing about the investment of a great deal of money in that district. He is again in Alberta and proposes to establish an agricultural implement factory and a large nursery business.

General Manager McLeod has given assurance that the C.N.R. has no idea of diverting from its plans for the erection of a station on the South Side. It would have no object in doing so and it may be taken for granted that when the great project is on, on which by the way great progress is being made these days, is finished its trains will run over that structure. But in the meanwhile, it is only natural that it should wish to connect up with the E. Y. & P., without delay in order that it may handle the traffic in and out of its north side station.

"People still buy lots on the rocky tops of inaccessible mountains and swindlers are still able to sell right enough," said City Auditor George Brown in Riverside, Cal., recently, as he penned replies to many people in Washington and Oregon who had purchased at \$600, lots that were not considered worth assessing. Brown said the lots, although desirable as being located in an "addition" to the city, were in fact many miles away, on top of a mountain without any trails.

The Masonic lodge of Quincy, Wash., instigated the investigation which was conducted by Brown and several county officials. Southern California is the stamping ground for many of the land dealers, who make their headquarters in Los Angeles, and thrive marvelously despite the efforts of the realty board to weed them out and drive them from the field. This is the first time, however, that any large number of people in Oregon and Washington have been caught in the net.

It does not look as if western Canada has suffered any more than any other prosperous part of the world from the wildcat. The Financial Post tells of a recent incident in Toronto. British interests had about closed a deal with a King street east real estate firm respecting a good-sized block of property in Port McNicoll. Fortunately enough, however, the British buyers wrote a Toronto man whom they knew well, asking him to look over the property.

The Toronto real estate firm accompanied this man and as agent from Nova Scotia up to Port McNicoll, arriving there about four o'clock. They were shown around the town, and not until about six were they taken out to the property which the Toronto broker stated was the property he had for sale. This was quite attractive land upon which improvements were being made. The Nova Scotian was an agent of the Toronto firm, and came back rattled that he was selling good property. Both the Nova Scotian and the Toronto real estate men returned to Toronto early the next morning, but the representative of the British interests fortunately decided to stay a little longer. He went out to see the property again and found a man in the district who turned out to be the actual owner or agent of the property, whereas the Toronto dealer's property was nothing but land, and considerably more remote. The dishonest broker on a subsequent day also definitely pointed out on the map as his property, the property which he did not control at all. Furthermore, the man who misrepresented the facts was not merely a salesman, but one of the principals in the firm.

Edmonton, of course, has a great deal more than aptitude to look as a far from the city's upbuilding, though no one underestimates it. To the west and to the north great mineral wealth is to be exploited. Many hundreds of thousands of dollars have been invested already in the coal fields along the railway line leading from Bickerton on the G.T.P. south to the Brazeau. The coal is definitely stated to be equal to the best soft coal of Pennsylvania and there are inexhaustible quantities of it.

The pioneer mining enterprise on a big scale launched to the west of the city, the Jasper Park Collieries, is to have a quarter of a million dollars more spent upon it. Mr. Andrew Laidlaw, the moving spirit of the company, had a party of other American capitalists out at the mine last week.

THE MIRROR

The outlook could not be brighter all the way through the next than it is at the present moment. The crop season has been all that the most optimistic looked for. It is quite safe to say that never in the history of the country has there been such a crop, in the sense of success being widely distributed. The year 1912 will do more to put agricultural western Canada on its feet than any that we have had yet.

Writing a month or so before harvest, Mr. John Parry had these observations to make in Canada Monthly.

No country in the history of the world has attracted to its borders a larger number of settlers in so short a period of time and never before in a period of equal length has so much wealth been brought into a new country from outside its border lines. And the reason is this; that never before in the early stages of a country's growth has pioneering been accomplished under conditions comparable with those that exist in Western Canada to-day. The prairie schooner of the past, retarding as it did the settling of a new country, has given way to solid trains of vested cars. And there you have the real reason for Canada's rapid growth.

There is no boom about it. It is as natural—certainly that Western Canada will sustain its phenomenal growth as it was that the western states of the United States should have become the mecca of opportunity seekers from every nation on the globe. Throughout Western Canada, at given intervals, great cities are destined to rise—cities that are just as large as ground-floor chambers of commerce, the average man. And there is room for them all. To-day you can't place your finger on a single important agricultural district in the United States without finding in the center of that district a town or city of impelling size. Business, commercial and industrial laws demand that the city follow the farm. And so it is not surprising that the towns and villages of to-day are destined to become the great cities of to-morrow. Separated by a hundred miles or more of the finest farming districts in the last West it is logical that there should be room for the growth and progress of them all.

"But why, you may still ask, should all of these cities and towns grow up in the place where some may lag behind? The answer is this: find if you can, a single agricultural community in the United States to-day where there is not at least one great distributing center in each one hundred miles."

Placer gold in paying quantities was discovered a few days ago in Louis creek, half a mile from the Canadian Northern railway grade, and thirty miles north of Kamloops. The gold run has been completely staked and mining operations already started, will be in full blast on a large scale within the next ten days when sluice boxes will have been installed.

The discovery was made by R. H. Leroy, a French Canadian cook employed in one of the Canadian Northern construction camps. Leroy is a former Klondiker. He won a large fortune in the Yukon, but got rid of it in less than six months after returning to civilization. As the discoverer on Louis creek he was entitled to and staked 1,000 feet of ground in addition to his discovery claim. It would be surprising if there were not large mineral discoveries all along the North Thompson following the C.N.R. construction between Edmonton and Kamloops. A repetition of the Cariboo excitement is by no means an impossibility. Did a railway ever go through a mountain country, known to contain mineral wealth, without important finds being made?

It has been frequently stated that in the country west of Edmonton a mining district will be developed of much larger proportions than that in the Crown's Nest. Those who make this statement have plenty of facts to back it with. This gives unusual interest to the early days in the mining country to the south. The man after whom the city of Fernie was named, William Fernie, is still living, and has his home in Victoria and was recently interviewed there. After experiences in various parts of British Columbia starting back in 1860, he went to the Crown's Nest country in 1887.

"The Galt Company," he told the interviewer, "had applied for a charter for a railroad through the Pass. I went to Colonel Galt and offered him prospecting for coal. The company dropped their railway scheme owing to the failure of blaring Brothers, who were at the back of the company. We found coal, and tried to get capital to build a railway. Then the C.P.R. claimed the right to build the railway, and tried to freeze us out. The Government stepped in and helped us out of a trouble, and gave the C.P.R. a subsidy to build a railway through the Crown's Nest Pass."

"I remember that before this, when the C.P.R. were building their main line, I tried to persuade them to go through the Crown's Nest Pass instead of the Kicking Horse Pass. But Major Rogers, the engineer-in-charge, would not take my advice. There are bad gradients on the Kicking Horse Pass. These are of our one and a quarter in a hundred in the Crown's Nest Pass. Moreover, there is only one range to cross instead of two. Of course, the C.P.R.'s decision was good luck for me, as had they taken my advice, they would have had all the coal which was discovered later. We got a charter for our company (the Crown's Nest Pass Coal Company) and a concession of 3,000,000 acres with certain conditions. We managed to hang on long enough to be successful. The Government was only too happy to buy the land at 40 cents an acre. For most of the land in the mountains 10 cents is a good price. There is good timber on it. We also needed the coal lands, and the Dominion Government have 25,000 acres of coal lands. We sold land to the C.P.R. for their railway but we reserved our coal lands."

"It is eleven years since I came to Victoria. I worked in the Crown's Nest from 1887 until 1900, when I left Fernie and came here. I remember search for coal. When I went there there was to a pack trail. The Kootenay Indians and the Blackfoot Indians used to fight a good bit in those days, and many a white explorer was killed by one side or the other. I have had many dealings with the trail to the Pass. We were told that a white man killed day with his ranches and towns, and railway communities and steamers on the lakes, and yet it is only about thirty years ago that it was unknown."

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BECAUSE of its location.
BECAUSE it has about 2 miles of Railroad Trackage.
BECAUSE it adjoins the Swift Packing Plant.
BECAUSE it adjoins the Western Foundry & Machinery Co. (a \$200,000 concern).
BECAUSE it adjoins the Casket and Box Factory.
BECAUSE it adjoins the Great Northern Tannery.
BECAUSE it adjoins other industries.
BECAUSE we are giving away free rides to any legitimate manufacturing concern so as to make KENNEDALE a valuable industrial district.
BECAUSE a very large milling company has taken an option on fifteen acres in KENNEDALE, with the idea of starting a huge milling plant there.
BECAUSE KENNEDALE will all be business property soon.
BECAUSE there will be a large number of homes in KENNEDALE this Fall.
BECAUSE KENNEDALE has a fine natural 26-acre park.
BECAUSE KENNEDALE has graded streets.

BECAUSE KENNEDALE park has an 80 foot Boulevard.
BECAUSE it will be a fine Residential as well as a Business Section.
BECAUSE it is close to a Post Office.
BECAUSE it is close to Schools.
BECAUSE it is close to Hotels.
BECAUSE it is close to Churches.
BECAUSE it is close to the large industries.
BECAUSE it is close to car lines.
BECAUSE the lots are High, Dry and Level.
BECAUSE the lots are large.
BECAUSE there is a fine view from KENNEDALE.
BECAUSE the roads are good and the soil sandy, and you can walk to KENNEDALE in all weathers.
BECAUSE more money will be made in KENNEDALE than in any other part of Edmonton.
BECAUSE that money will be made quicker.
KENNEDALE'S possibilities are extraordinary—you should see them. May we take you out in our autos? They are always at your disposal.

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SPORTING WORLD

THE HOME TEAM

(Life.)

Our catcher comes of Keokuk.
Our pitcher votes in Troy.
Our shortstop—ah! played in luck
To get that Volsburg boy.
Our first base lives in Chicago.
Our second base in Milwaukee.
Our third in Kalamazoo.
Our right field married in Spokane.
Our left resides in Eastport, Maine.
Our center's from Peru.

We cannot get away from professionalism in sport. That is an absolute certainty. Pleasant though the idea is of the old village green on which all the young fellows turned out for a game of something or other after supper, the public demands something more, and no sport can be brought to a high state of development without some of those engaged in it looking to it for their living.

We might as well recognize this at the start. It will enable us to get along faster to the serious proposition that must next be considered, that of regulating the game properly. In connection with baseball, everyone must admit that a very great deal has been done. But the above verse suggests that if some sort of a residence rule were in existence such as is found in English county cricket, it would help. The men would be able to secure remuneration for their services and yet have a definite connection with the place in whose name they are playing.

For instance, during the past week there was a paragraph in the Edmonton papers telling of how Mackin's men had left town for all parts of the continent. Would not be much more interested in their work if they were bona-fide residents? This selling of players, often right in the middle of the season, is a very cold-blooded kind of proposition and it looks as if some kind of a change will have to be made eventually against it and public sentiment is something that must be considered.

The international is the only one of the big leagues that is affording much of a mish. Toronto looks to have the situation well in hand but there are still enough grounds to have something happen yet. New York and Boston are still going strong and there should be a great world's series between the two. At present Joe Wood looks like a better pitcher than Marquard. He has sixteen straight wins to his credit and there has been less luck about them than in the case of McGraw's man. That at least is the way it looks at this distance.

The hold which baseball has in Canada is shown by the proposition now being worked on in the east to form a Quebec league. The French-Can-

dian has taken the game up with enthusiasm in recent years. The new league would rank with the Canadian in Ontario which has had a very successful season.

Joe Gorman in a syndicated letter from Toronto gives a very graphic description of the mixed up condition of most of the Canadian sports in the east, particularly lacrosse, hockey and Rugby football. There seems to be more fighting between organizations than actual play. It is getting to be a scandal and the time is surely at hand when a better class of men should take hold of the different governing bodies. Mr. J. Ross Robertson of Toronto did a great deal for hockey by taking over the presidency of the O.H.A. some ten or twelve years ago. There is a great public work to be done in this connection.

It seems that the Interprovincial Rugby League and the old O.R.F.U. are beginning "to invade each other's territory. There is no excuse for the control for every game in the eastern provinces at least. It is a pity that there could not be one for the whole Dominion but distances stand in the way.

The Toronto Star has this to say about a famous Rugby coach's suggestion: "Father Stanton of Ottawa College is out with an idea of scoring a rugby player's deeds and misdeeds in a summary like that which describes a baseball player's adventures. He would credit a rugby player with all his catches, and charge him with his misdeeds and failure to bring down his man. Fumbles would be recorded and every man who handled the ball given credit.

"[I]f this means the showy player will not get all the credit," says Father Stanton. "The good substantial, always-on-the-job player will get due credit." "Father Stanton's idea is all right—as an idea—but it is unworkable, for the reason that Rugby is not as mechanical as baseball, and the players who handle the ball in close work cannot be always identified. On a half field every man has his place, and the credit can be given accurately. The swiftly changing scene on a Rugby field would tangle any Rugby box score into a Gordian knot in the first quarter."

While it may not be thought possible the reverend coach intends to try it out, probably in the Ottawa College-Queen's game on October 5. It would take two men, both thoroughly familiar with all the players on their own team. As to following the game it should be easier to follow than baseball, for the plays do not take place as rapidly, the time between the unpling of the players after a tackle and the forming up giving the two scorers a chance to compare notes.

Some first class material is being brought out by Deacon White and his team will give the best that Alberta Rugby can produce something to think about.

Calgary sportsmen will have the best wishes of those of the rest of the province in their latest venture. A syndicate has secured eighty acres one

mile north of Calgary, known as the Marlboro tract, whereon will be built a race course patterned after the Sile Bonnets course. Plans for buildings, including a grandstand to accommodate 10,000 persons and stables sufficient to house 300 horses, are being made. Among the stables that have signified their intention of sending a string of horses to the meeting next summer will be that of August Belmont, including horses that are now performing in England. It is the purpose of the promoters of the track to have it completed by spring, and they will seek a meeting early next summer.

"What's become of Snapperby?"
"The star sport writer?"
"Yes."
"Snapperby has the greatest job of his career."
"Ah, with the big leaguers, eh?"
"No, he is helping to make out the batting averages of a fly-swatter club."

The Tecumsehs of Toronto played the Irish-Canadians of Montreal a scheduled match on the Maisonneuve grounds on Saturday and the fighting was so general the referee had to interfere. The sports slashed and banged away at each other and some of them were stretched unconscious on the ground. Umpires were removed because their decisions were objected to, and, in fact, the whole proceedings were a farce. Less than a thousand spectators were present and many of them left in disgust when the hoodlums began. The lesson is plain, and if it is not heeded by the lacrosse magnates they will soon have to devote their time to some other business.—Montreal Gazette.

George Robey furnishes this readable sporting treatise to the Dramatic and Sporting News:—
"Fancy writing an article on how to win money at racing!"

"What sillidolofolousness! Anyone can do that! All you have to do is to back winners! How simple!"

And think, oh, my dear friends, think how selfish! A moment's, a single fleeting moment's reflection will show you how wrong it would be to rob the poor, trusting, innocent, hard-working, honest-hearted bookmaker. We must all live. Would you deprive the bookmaker of his livelihood?"

No, no, a thousand times not! Let us learn to conquer self. Let us for a few moments consider the difficult problem of how to lose money at racing!

It is always difficult to lay down any royal road to success in any direction, but it is specially so when we consider the subject of this article—yes, "Article" I said. What do you mean? Impertinence!

I can, however, make various suggestions and bring forward several instances which may be some guide to the novice in this direction.

And first I would say this: Never make a bet on your own judgment. Listen to the advice of your friends, the newshy who sells you your evening paper, the assistant at your pet tobacconist's shop, or particularly of your bookmaker, who often has a fancy or some information which in his unselfishness he is anxious for you to back because you are such a favorite client of his!

Of course, mistakes will occur in the best regulated function. A friend of mine once, a kindly, thoughtful disposition once went to a race meeting, and, not knowing much about horses himself, got talking to a bookmaker in the intervals of business as to what would win the big race.

"Win!" said this merchant, hastily running his eye down the book in search of some utterly rank outsider that he had not succeeded in laying to any mug so far, "why, I could tell you, but—well, look here, don't put it about, but number thirty is a dead cert from what I can hear. I've backed it myself, and you can have a bit of mine if you like."

"Oh, thank you very much," said my friend. "What would I get about it if I backed it for fifty pounds?"

"Fifty pounds!" repeated the astonished bookie, whose mouth watered at the prospect of such a windfall. "Here, come and have a drink, and we'll wait."

And leaving the book and the bag in charge of his clerk, he hurried the victim to the bar. My friend Smith had entrusted most of his notes to one of two pals who had come with him, but who had gone off to the paddock for awhile. Finding that he could get eight to one from his confiding companion—just about one-fourth of the true odds!—he went off to find his friends. He met them just outside, and, quickly explaining the situation, the three agreed to risk fifty pounds between them, and went to where the bookie had been standing. He had not yet returned from the bar, but the clerk duly entered the bet and took the cash in the presence of all three, Smith obtaining a ticket and backing number thirteen, which he thought the bookmaker had said.

He was delighted to find that the clerk offered ten to one against this horse. "What the bookie said when he had finished his extra drink and returned to find what had happened may be left to the imagination, likewise his further remarks when No. 13 romped home by a length and a half! Thirteen always was an unlucky number!"

This incident is enough to show, I think, how hard Fate works to prevent the racegoer losing money. Still, in spite of this, it may be done after a little practice; and, if no matter how carefully you listen to other people's advice, you cannot back a loser, there are one or two other methods of achieving the end in view.

Cultivate, for instance, the acquaintance of the engaging stranger who wishes to borrow a pencil or have a look at your card because he fears there is a misprint in his. You will find him at every race meeting you visit. Sometimes he is young and smooth of face, sometimes he affects a neat moustache, sometimes he boasts a full beard and whiskers.

In either case you will be struck with his ready friendship, his entire sympathy, his genial confidence. He always has a friend "in the know." If you are in the small ring this mysterious individual will be the more important enclosure; if you are in Tattersall's he will be in the members' enclosure; if you are on the course he will be in the paddock—in short, he is sure to be anywhere you cannot get yourself, and wherever he is he is invariably omnipresent in the matter of getting far longer prices and far better "tips" than anyone else. The

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ADJOINING ORPHEUM THEATRE

engaging stranger generally speaks of him with bated breath, as though he were something more than mere man, until you begin to wish that you too had such a friend who could back winner after winner, and always get a bit on for you at long odds. If you possibly can, ask your new acquaintance whether his pal could put a few pounds on for you in the next race. Of course he is not likely to suggest such a thing to you. Oh, no! He does not go about distributing favors in that way! But perhaps, if you are very lucky, he will consent to take two, five, or even ten pounds of your money for his friend to put on the extra special he has for the next race.

When once this is accomplished you may go and watch the race or have a drink, as the spirit moves you, with a clear conscience. You will have at last succeeded in losing, for you may rest assured that you will never see that engaging stranger again—not if he can help it, that is to say.

Some may complain that this method is not what they want, because your money, instead of going into the pocket of the hard-working bookmaker, goes into that of the engaging stranger—also a very hard-working man, believe me. For such I will conclude by outlining one last method to which this disadvantage does not attach.

I once knew a dear old chap at Newmarket who made a living for himself and the bookies by collecting round him a circle of trusting young men whom he persuaded that he was the best judge of a horse and the best collector of first-rate information that ever lived. It was an essential part of the game that no two of the trusting young men should know each other. He could then tip a different horse to every one. Of course, each of them put a bit on for the dear old chap. This was the least they could do. And unless he was very unlucky one of the horses was sure to win, so he was certain to make something on the race, and never stood to lose a penny. Of course, he was one of those misguided persons who had devoted lifelong study as to how to win money at racing.

Oh, yes, he really was a dear old chap!

"When it comes to professional jealousies on a race track the whippet has every other racing animal easily beaten," so quoth Tom Griffiths, who was judging whippet races in Toronto. "He" he continued, "one is being beaten in a race it will try as many tricks as a wagon-load of monkeys to win. An instance of this happened at Dufferin Park in one of the handicap races. That brilliant little racer, Trixie's Pride, was on scratch in this

race, and on her form in those days she had the best of them all. She had to concede start to two other well-known racing whippets. When the race was started Trixie's Pride was running in the middle of the track. One of the others was on the rail, and one on the outside edge of the track. At 120 yards Trixie's Pride was two yards behind the others. The two whippets on the outside, as though divining that Trixie was going to pass them, commenced to close in until they had her in a pocket. Every time Trixie started to get through the other two would jam her. They did this for fifty yards, and it looked as though Trixie was beaten. But she wasn't though, for she pulled off a remarkable stunt. A sudden leap, and over the back of the whippet on the rail side she went. With a clear opening there was nothing in the race but Trixie's Pride, and she won easily. After the race many horsemen expressed the opinion that it was one of the cleverest tricks they ever saw pulled off on a racetrack. Those two whippets were determined that Trixie should not win, but her intelligence and cleverness beat them.

Vancouver billiard players are enjoying a visit this week from Melbourne Innan, the present world's champion.

The defeat of the Edmonton cricket eleven in the final game of the City Cricket League by the Hudson Bay team was a surprise. The winners showed altogether unexpected strength and are to be warmly congratulated on the showing that they have made. Their success should serve to stimulate others. No one would have said when the League was organized for the season that this new club, with material quite unknown, would have a chance of carrying off the championship. But they went to it in earnest, and by steady practice accomplished the defeat last Saturday of what was undoubtedly one of the strongest elevens in the West, and not only that, but did it by a very large margin. A score of 151 to 36 is fairly decisive.

Varley 66, Crosby 21, and Parker 31, were the leaders in the batting, and all these scores were put together by sterling cricket. For the losers Petch was the only man to make a stand, putting together 21. Crosby was the most effective of the winning bowlers.

Calgary's win of the post series with Red Deer, the winners of the first half of the season in the Western Baseball League, was looked for. Streib had undoubtedly the best team in the league under his command.

THE LEISURE HOUR

AUGUST MOONLIGHT

By Richard Le Gallienne

The solemn light behind the barns,
The rising moon, the cricket's call,
The August night, and you and I—
What is the meaning of it all!

Has it a meaning, after all?
Or is one of Nature's lies,
That not of beauty that she casts
Over Life's unsuspecting eyes?

That web of beauty that she weaves,
For one strange purpose of her own—
For this the painted butterfly,
For this the rose—for this alone!

Strange repetition of the rose,
And strange reiterated call
Of bird and insect, man and maid—
Is that the meaning of it all?

If it means nothing, after all!
And nothing lives, except to die—
It is enough—that solemn light
Behind the barns, and you and I.

It's a funny thing how living or a certain street determines, to a great extent, the kind of living and the kind of you indulge in.

I don't know when this struck me as forcibly as when I came to live on the downtown street, which I now call home.

I don't suppose for one moment that you are weak enough to let your environment affect you, to the same extent that mine does me, but I find, on thinking things over, that "The House of Recurrence," on Sixteenth Street, in which I took such joy and quiet delight a year ago, is getting to be a half-forgotten thing.

There, the House itself, furnished its own sound. It was the quiet, intimate things. For instance, as I told you once, there was the register in the upstairs bedroom, that made such ghostly rattlings.

There was the sad, reminiscent music in the wide hall below, that sent you to an easy chair by the fire with a book for company.

It was like the hand of a mother laid on a weary child in blessing. It grew to have a physical influence over the entire household.

Not a mood of My Valley but I grew to love. Its grey days, its tempestuous ones. Its hazy sunshines, its moody mists.

When we first went there, I placed my desk in front of a big window upstairs, so that I could write and, by merely lifting my eyes, look out on the things I loved.

I found, after a brief trial, that I mostly looked out, and that there were few tracings on the paper to show for my morning's work.

Thus, reluctantly, I moved to a box in the cheery room below, where I was at least a few feet distant from the great temptation, and I was able to think of other things, that more concerned life in the great outer world.

In the convent we always spoke of life on the other side of the fence as "out in the world."

We were a world within a world.

To us the news of the day, its wars, its bickerings, the strife and stress of it, were as things that had no concern in our lives.

Life was a happy, care-free existence, our ambitions bounded by the attainment of a gold medal, the little punishments we met with in the day, the biggest troubles that beset us.

The life in the "House on the Hill" presented much the same viewpoint.

Life was as little of the town as I could reasonably manage.

But on Seventh Street, I am in the world, and of it.

And I think of, and am concerned with, mostly people.

People doing this and that. People thinking this and the other thing.

Whether I like this one, and whether she likes me.

It is all the difference between Dream Life and Reality.

And this I thought of forcibly on Sunday, when my old friends picked me up, and carried me far into the country, to spend a day's communing with trees and grain-fields, and peaceful farm scenes, and women and with the contemplative look that comes from much solitude, and living within themselves, and being far removed from city noises.

It was one of those lazy, golden days that come at this exquisite season of the year.

When we were passing through uncultivated fields, or bowling past acres upon acres of yellow stubble, the feeling of things accomplished, work completed, of peace, and plenty, and rest.

It was in the air you breathed. It was in the sky above you.

You were as far removed from everything that smelled staccato, as weary mortals ever experience this side of eternity.

Unto the hills around will I lift my longing eyes.

The words of the beautiful hymn sang themselves in my ears.

Over on the sky-line, the "Glory Hills" lifted themselves in a haze of blue.

Isn't that a heavenly name, the "Glory Hills"? So was I reminded of my Valley, and the idea of looking up, and beyond, and acquiring a larger vision, such as one never gets who lives amidst flatness, and streets, and seeing only his immediate neighborhood.

And then we dropped in at a German farm-house, and were shown in to the best parlor, and drank mellow, home-made wine, and talked with a typical German housewife, and her young daughter-in-law, in whose eyes I noted the contentment and placidity of the older woman, was mixed with a suggestion of the unrest and longing that we of the town wear, because we are never satisfied.

The mistress, though, of all those spotless rooms, gives little thought to affairs beyond her husband's fence line.

Her household, her day's commonplace duties, the feeding of her poultry, and the tending of her garden, represent her world.

She can show you exquisite needle-work, the labor of hundreds of hours.

She is the result of her environment, placid, and jolly, and with the narrow outlook that being self-centred invariably brings.

So there is a difference, you see, between living on Seventh and Sixteenth Streets.

I don't know which you prefer, but one means quiet happiness and the other competition and unrest, and sometimes weariness of heart.

Often I sigh for my pleasant peaceful valley—but I am a creature of moods, the next day the city claims me and the lust of the fight is on.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Continued from Page 2

ment that Edmonton is the best show town in Canada. The second bill was very much better than the first. It included Joseph Jefferson, the son of the creator of "Rip Van Winkle" in a farcical playlet. In 1899, Mr. Jefferson is more than the son of his father. He was one of the best Sir Lancelots O'Trigger that the stage has seen, and the fact that he has been induced to become a headliner for the Orpheum circuit shows what a high standard is being set. The ballet Classique, headed by Mlle. Marius, was the most beautiful thing of its kind that has ever been seen in this part of the country. The tap wonder-workers could not very well have been improved upon, while the less ambitious numbers on the programme were all first-class in their way.

"The Heart-Breakers," with George Damerel, of "Merry Widow" fame, in the leading role, held the boards at the end of last week, and proved an unusually good light opera.

As this is being written, the visit of Madame Schumann-Heink on Thursday evening is being eagerly looked forward to. It is no small privilege to hear the greatest of living contraltos.

The Empire was again crowded to the doors last Sunday night for the orchestral concert. The programme was quite in keeping with those given on previous occasions. Miss Webb's voice was thoroughly enjoyed. There is still reason to complain, however, over the amount of money contributed at the door. But an average of something like seven cents a person was given on Sunday night. Those who do not feel that they can pay more than this to hear such a programme would be well-advised to stay away altogether and let the money go to those who are prepared to pay their proper share of the expense.

There are many who are turned away at each concert, which makes the small collection of money regrettable. The society is not making any, but their enterprise cannot go on, unless properly supported.

All London is now talking about the splendours of "Drake," the great Elizabethan spectacle, by Louis N. Parker, which was produced at His Majesty's Theatre on Tuesday of last week by Sir Herbert Tree.

The cast was of exceptional brilliancy, including Phyllis Neilson-Terry who was the queen of Elizabeth, and Lyn Harding as the naval hero, who forsook a game of bowls on Plymouth Hoe to go out and destroy a Spanish armada, an act which first made England mistress of the seas.

The entire theme of the play is love of country, and was purposely produced at a time when Britain needs to maintain her sea supremacy more than at any period since Spain was her foe.

The production is one tremendous tableau after another, in all of which Tree has simply outdone himself. The Armada fight is an astonishing scene of shot, flame and thunder when two galleons, English craft and Spanish galleon. The last and grandest scene of the play is the burning of the city of St. Paul's cathedral. It is a stage spectacle at its highest—crowds waiting to welcome the queen, the nation of the English fleet, city companies with banners floating, the sovereign's prayer on the steps of the cathedral and then addressing the people in words of the most exalted patriotism.

Phyllis Neilson-Terry was regal, dignified, and over-queen Elizabeth. She was sometimes a merry woman and sometimes a meek inspired. Her feminine fire was colonial, her wit was masculine, her queenly exaltation a delight. Lyn Harding's Drake was vibrant, masculine, mariner-like. Just at the moment when his cry to future Englishmen to hold what they have won, the commander of the seas aroused the audience to the greatest enthusiasm.

Those who were players twenty and twenty-five years ago will appreciate this from the editorial writer of the Vancouver Province—


I am reminded of old times by seeing that the management of the Empire Theatre have put on that old melodrama, "The Lights of London," and I hope it may be followed after what is considered a proper interval by the new stage play, "The Lights of London."

There are plenty of fine old comedies that have proved their attractiveness on the boards, and which have in them some of the real stuff, out of which plays ought to be made. There are enough people here who have seen the good old pieces to carry on a sort of continuity of appreciation, and who would be glad that the young folk should get some idea of

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the things in which the old players scored and held their audiences breathless or laughing as the case might be. The essential qualification of these pieces was that they were full of a sympathetic insight into human nature—they weren't all snigger and giggle and legs.

CHILDREN AND PLAY

A Necessity of Modern Civilization

Here is a story printed in the Pittsburgh Post—a story which is amusing, and at the same time affords food for thought.

"These are fine times for children," said the Wood street man.

"As to how?" inquired the Smithfield street citizen.

"They have instructors for everything. Instructors to show the children how to amuse themselves."

"That's so."

"Yes! I realize now that I never knew how to play rationally when I was little."

You may appreciate the humor, and yet see that, like much good humor, it throws a flash light on only one side of a truth. It does seem funny that a child should have to be taught how to play.

Yet the melancholy truth, attested by social workers, and especially by conductors of public playgrounds, is that many children have forgotten how to play that in some way they have been robbed of the glorious, divine gift of play, as many of them have been robbed of fresh air and sunshine.

"For O, say the children, we are weary. And we cannot run or leap; If we cared for any meadows, it were merely To drop down in them and sleep."

So wrote Mrs. Browning, in the poem which she flung out against the abuse of child-labor. But even where child-labor is not a crying abuse, the growth of cities has deprived many children of the means of play. In this city of Toronto, with only about 400,000 people, there are neighborhoods five miles from the City Hall where the children have no place to play but a yard ten feet square, or the street.

What shall they play and how shall they play? The old Pittsburgh fellows who joked about teaching children how to play were probably reared in the country, or in towns where there was plenty of room for the children to play—perhaps such towns as Hannibal, Missouri, where Mark Twain spent his boyhood, and where the scene of Tom Sawyer is laid. They had chores to do, and they had fun of trying to escape from the chores. One fine Saturday Tom Sawyer beguiled his companions into helping him to whitewash the fence instead of going away to play that they were Robin Hoods or Mississippi pilots.

Modern civilization is depriving the boy of his

chores and his play. There is no more wood to be saved. There is no more going to the grocery with a basket which will carry the provisions for the day. But also there are fewer free spectacles and places to play. There are fewer blacksmith shops and carpenter's shops; and a modern child may be excused for supposing that a cooper is a man who makes hen coops. If you want to show a modern child how things are made, you must get a permit from the owner of the factory. Ask the old Pittsburgh fellows what they know about that.

It all comes to this; that the sort of education which children used to obtain in a haphazard way must now be obtained in a systematic way. The chores being abolished by modern invention, we must teach children other ways of using their hands and feet and their faculties of observation. The old trades being merged into huge industrial corporations, we must give the children manual training, or conduct them through factories. The vacant spaces being taken up we must reserve playgrounds and teach children how to play.—Toronto Star.

ADVICE TO LONDON JOURNALISTS

The London Globe, apropos of Oscar Hammerstein's remark that "nothing pleases the London public better than abuse of an American," prints the following as the initial number of "The Young Journalists' Guide":

When news is scarce and things are slack, Don't roam the office, looking for it; But when some piquant thing to say Of those who hail from U.S.A.

Don't sigh for ordinary news, But seize your stylo, and abuse With all the venom at command Some exile from that favored land.

The ordinary reader begs For use with bacon and with eggs, As extra-special condiment, Inevitable that is violent.

The Yankee is so good and great— In conduct so immaculate— To contemplate him stirs the bile Of dwellers in this backwardisle.

So, green with jealousy and spite, We love to see our writers write Abuse for all that they are worth, Of these—the greatest folk on earth.

There have been more romances of all kinds in this age than in any of its predecessors.—Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P.

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ADVERTISE IN THE MIRROR

VANITY FAIR

Things are picking up in a social way. The cool days are bringing the five o'clock cup of tea once more into favor, and already two private dances have set the ball rolling in that direction. Soon, no doubt, the old custom will be strong "the Blue Moon" every afternoon, will once more be haunting this popular tea-shop.

It was a place to gather, and gossip, at. To meet down town shoppers. Its habitués have most of them been away holidaying. Now even the late vacationists are swarming home.

It is nice to see them about town again. Last week I was too crowded for space to do more than mention Mrs. Nightingale's charming tea.

It was a delightful autumn reunion of old friends who have been separated during the summer.

Everyone looked pretty, and the better for the holidays.

Bridge hasn't started yet, and candidly the outdoor life has made a great improvement in the Smart Set's looks. Mrs. Nightingale herself was looking lovely, wearing a simple white lingerie gown. About the delightful rooms were flowers and autumn leaves without number, the light being furnished by quaint candles, while the tea-table, in charge of Mrs. Pardee and Mrs. Seale, glistened with rare, old silver, and made a dash of gold with five great bowls of red and yellow nasturtiums.

Mrs. Swaisland and Mrs. Brunt had charge of the ices, while Miss Beck, Miss Joan MacDonald, Miss Sowden and Miss Nora Campbell were four indefatigable assistants.

The members of the Sergeant's Mess of the 101st Edmonton Fusiliers are giving a Military Ball in the Separate School Hall on Friday, Sept. 27th, beginning at 8:30. Tickets may be obtained at \$5.00 for a gentleman and lady, and \$2.00 for a single ticket. Archibald's and Hardisty's drug stores, and Ash Bros. and Jackson Bros., jewellers, having them on sale.

On Monday afternoon Mrs. Colin Campbell of Winnipeg, wife of the Attorney-General of Manitoba, will address all the chapters of the Daughters of the Empire, at 3 o'clock, in All Saints Schoolroom, on the aims and of work of the Order.

All members of the various chapters are invited to be present. Tea will be served at its close.

On Tuesday Mrs. Campbell will address a meeting at the Y.W.C.A., at the same hour on Girls and their Work.

Mrs. Campbell is just returning from a trip to the Coast having spoken on radio at various points. During her stay in town she will be the guest of Mrs. Pardee.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Mercer and their daughters, will regret to hear that they are leaving Edmonton on the 24th of this month, to make their permanent home in Honolulu, where they have just built a beautiful home for themselves.

Mr. Mercer's health has not been of the best of late, and Honolulu is an ideal spot not only for a holiday, but for those seeking the greatest boon in life, good health.

I am glad to see Mrs. Mercer able to be around again, after her late very serious illness.

Mrs. Donald Macdonald, of "Glencoe," has resumed her former reception days, the second and fourth Wednesdays of the month.

Miss Nora Campbell was the hostess of a jolly Girls' Tea on Thursday afternoon.

Among the important events of the week in the social world, were the two large weddings of Tuesday and Wednesday.

Miss Elsie Day's marriage to Dr. R. A. Rooney taking place in First Presbyterian Church on Tuesday night at half-past eight, Rev. Dr. Nichol officiating, and Miss Florence Forin's to Mr. William Henry Hunt at five o'clock the next afternoon in the same edifice.

Both brides are pretty and very popular girls, and received shoals of lovely gifts from their hosts of friends.

Miss Day's wedding gown was of heavy oyster-white satin, cut with a long square train, and finished with true lovers' knots carried out in pearls.

The bride had some exquisite Lintner lace, and pearl ornaments as a garniture, and with this was worn a graceful bridal veil, caught with a spray of orange-blossoms. The bouquet was of bridal roses and lilies of the valley.

The bride was given away by her father, and the bridesmaids were Miss Ina Day, and Miss Dignam of Toronto, who wore the prettiest frocks of pale blue satin, veiled in shadow lace, worn with jaunty Directors coats of satin of the same shade, and little mesh caps wreathed with roses.

Each carried a bouquet of pink roses, caught with long blue satin streamers. The best man was Mr. K. H. Morris, Dr. Thomas and Mr. George Day being the ushers. During the ceremony, Miss Seymour sang, very beautifully, Florence Aylward's "Beloved, it is I, I am."

Later a reception was held at the home of the bride on Second street.

Miss Forin's wedding gown was of handsome white satin messaline, the square court train, finished in pearls and deep knife pleatings. The draperies, too, glistened with soft pearl ornaments, while on the corsage was a fasciat of filmy Chantilly lace, embroidered with pearls.

She wore the conventional veil caught with orange blossoms, and carried a great shower of bride roses and lilies of the valley.

"As handsome and stately a young bride as ever I saw," one guest told me, and I am sure spoke the general impression.

Miss Bessie Forin was her sister's bridesmaid, and looked stunning in yellow satin, veiled in mauve nixon, with touches of black velvet and silver lace.

Her hat was a large black velvet Gainsborough with wreaths of buttercups showing through a veil of yellow tulle, and caught with a handsome yellow mount.

Her flowers were a spray of yellow mums.

Dr. Forin gave his daughter away. Mr. Hickey was best man. The ushers were: Mr. Geo. Hawk-

ins, Mr. Ewart, and Mr. Bert Miller, while two fascinating little flower girls, Miss Elizabeth Fair and Miss Bessie Fetter, who wore charming frocks of white lace-trimmed marquisette, steeled with Irish crochet lace, and peasant caps, finished with Maltese lace and dainty ribbons, completed the striking looking bridal party.

Rev. Dr. Campbell, the bride's uncle, performed the ceremony.

A reception was later held at the bride's home on Fourth street, where the bride's younger friends were also asked to a dance the same evening, in the "Blue Moon," Mrs. Hislop chaperoning.

To both young couples, the Mirror extends its best wishes for a long and happy married life.

Mrs. Barrow's tea on Tuesday afternoon, when the guests were invited to meet Lady Davies and Mrs. Murray, a charming young bride, who has recently come here from Montreal, was one of the "very nice" parties ever.

Everything was delightfully informal and cosy, guests wandering out into the sun-gallery, back to the very original living-room, a blaze of autumn leaves, and arranged by the hostess's clever, artistic fingers, into a rendezvous of rare beauty and interest, on into the dining room, where a splendid view can be had of Government House and that part of Glenora, and back again to the sun-parlor to exclaim with delight in the glories of the ravine just below, a riot of exquisite autumn colorings.

The bungalow is a gem of its kind, built to take every advantage of the heavenly prospect all about it.

Mrs. Barrow received her guests in a pretty frock of French grey nixon, with lovely touches of red, and pink and deep strawberry red flower knots.

Mrs. Spratt and Mrs. J. D. Hyndman, presided at the beautifully arranged tea table, while Mrs. Fitts, an English visitor from France, and Mrs. are the very drier, had charge of the ices in the gallery.

Mrs. Pardee and Mrs. Nightingale assisted.

I have positively no more than space to speak of Miss Marjory Beck's delightful dance, given in the Separate School hall on Friday evening last, for her guest, Miss Watson, of Brandon.

Turner's orchestra furnished splendid music, and there were just enough present to make dancing a genuine pleasure.

Judge and Mrs. Beck came down for the first part of the evening, assisting Miss Beck to receive her guests.

Mrs. Beck wore an elegant black satin toilette, with handsome jet garnitures.

Miss Beck was looking exceedingly pretty and attractive in black satin covered with a gold and black net tunic.

Miss Watson, a decidedly striking-looking girl, wore pink nixon over satin of the same shade, while Madame Martin, who completed the house party, was a picture in black jetted chiffon over rich black satin.

Mrs. Pardee, Mrs. Nightingale, Madame Thibault, Mrs. Tom Douglas, Mrs. Palmer Watt, Mrs. Frank Smith, Mrs. Ghieslin, Mrs. McElaffie and Mrs. D. J. McNamara, were the only ones of the married set present, the dance being purely a young people's affair.

There is shoals more I could write for Vanity Fair this week, but the printers have called a halt.

When I have subscribers enough to justify a 12 or 20 page paper, then I shall have space enough to run a social page "as it is social page."

Until then—Vanity Fair must exist in cramped quarters.

THE PRAYER OF US

That Louis XVI hall given by Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish at Austin Hall, will be to be to all the lovers of Austin Dobson, and there must be many of them in the United States. Mrs. Fish's effort was another essay in old French forms. It was a triquet, a rondeau, a rondeau, even, perhaps, a villanelle.

Mrs. Fish prepared a bower of roses of delicate pink and red hue, and an arbor with a fountain, in which swam hundreds of gold fish. And there were gorgeous tropical water plants floating on the surface, and bending over the brink of the fountain.

Everything was an Eighteenth Century vignette with suggestions of pipe and flute, and a dance of the nymphs shortly before midnight. While this dance was in progress thousands of butterflies were liberated. It was all in the spirit of Watteau. Light breezes blow; frail laces flutter, satins flow, but why quote in broken phrases when the master has told it all!

However, it was this same Austin Dobson who wrote "The Prodigals," which, as far as the English language is concerned, is the perfection of "vers de société." It will always be worth while recalling:

"Dames most delicate, amorous!
Damoisels blithe as the belted bees!
Hearken awhile to the prayer of us—
Beggars that come from the overseas!"

Nothing we ask of the things that please;
We are we, and warm, and grey,
Lo!—for we clutch and clasp your knees—
Give us nothing else—but Yesterday!"

The mocking tones of Austin Dobson's "Prodigals" must have haunted some of the revellers when the Louis XVI reproduction was at its butterfly height:

"Princes! And you, most valorous,
Nobles and Barons of all degrees!
Hearken awhile to the prayer of us—
Beggars that come from the overseas—"

Nothing we ask of gold or fees;
Harry us not with the hounds, we pray."
—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN

(From the Detroit News.)

Before any man takes to himself a wife he should arrange that the young lady of his choice be forced to dress in a Pullman car dressing room with another young lady, engaged to tell him truthfully of her actions therein. If the young lady whom he has picked for a wife implants herself on the one chair, while the ten other ladies in the train bump into her, then she is going to make an unpleasant selfish wife, and he had better pick another.

\$40,000 RENTAL FOR AN APARTMENT

If the New York Sun is correctly informed, as much as \$40,000 a year is paid in some cases in rental for a suite of rooms in some of the big New York apartment houses. It is not many years ago that a man of great means, well known for his sporting proclivities, started New York by announcing through his publicity agent that he had rented a suite of rooms in a well known Fifth Avenue hotel, for which he had agreed to pay \$20,000 a year, the cost include all services, and indeed everything except food. That was within the last ten years. He actually paid nearer \$10,000 than \$20,000, but even so the amount was one which immediately established the man as a Cossack in the minds of many people. That was about ten years ago. To cause a sensation to-day one would have to more than double the figures, of then, for \$25,000 a year for one's apartment is coming to be so common that one might be pardoned for not remembering all those who pay about that amount.

Why pay mixtures known as alum baking powder, when you can just as well, and at no more expense, get Magic Baking Powder? The ingredients are plainly printed on each package. See if it is on the others. All Grocers are authorized to guarantee that "Magic" does not contain alum.



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